

Our Fourfooted Friends

AND HOW WE TREAT THEM

EDITED BY MRS. HUNTINGTON SMITH

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ARBOR ENTRANCE TO CEMETERY AT PINE RIDGE

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF HUMANE WORK

Important Notice—American Red Star Animal Relief—Military, Civil.

Conducted under the auspices of the American Humane Association, Albany, New York, U. S. A.

June 27, 1916.

Under date of May 22, 1916, Hon. Newton D. Baker, United States Secretary of War, invited The American Humane Association to organize and be prepared to conduct a relief work for horses in the United States army during conditions of war. He proposed that this work should be along similar lines to what The American National Red Cross does for human beings. Our Board of Directors voted to accept the invitation and active preparations are being made to organize the work. The Directors of this Association also voted to carry on this work under the special title of the "American Red Star Animal Relief." The Red Cross movement originated in Switzerland and was long known as the Geneva Red Cross. The International Red Star Organization was also started in Switzerland, a little over a year ago. The name seems appropriate and convenient.

We quote from a letter of Secretary of War Baker, as follows:

"All countries in time of war must depend to a large degree on the voluntary assistance of its citizens, and especially is this so in the case of the sick and wounded, both men and animals. Such voluntary assistance to be the greatest value in war, however, must be organized, trained and equipped in time of peace, as only in this way can full co-ordination be maintained between the regular and volunteer forces.

"The function of The American Red Cross is to assist the Government in caring for the human sick and wounded in its armies. The American Humane Association could very well function in a similar manner in assisting the Government in caring for the sick and wounded animals in its armies. Such assistance would be very gratefully received by the War Department."

"It is believed that plans similar in tenor to those of the Red Cross could be very advantageously adopted by your Society for rendering

organized aid to injured animals in time of war. If your Society will undertake this work, the War Department will be very glad to co-operate with you."

All societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals in the United States are cordially invited to take part in this movement and organize local committees, whenever practical. We should be very glad to have a letter indicating your interest and co-operation as promptly as possible. It is desirable that work should begin at the earliest practicable date. This is a movement of *patriotism* and *humanity*. It is essential that The American Red Star should be put upon an operative basis in the interests of the general preparedness movement which has been undertaken in the United States. Further information and additional literature will be sent upon application.

Address, American Red Star Animal Relief, c/o The American Humane Association, 287 State St., Albany, New York, U. S. A.

There have been at least fifty women knitting articles for the soldiers from the wool given out at the Animal Rescue League and rolling bandages for wounded horses. We hope these extracts from letters will help them to realize the good their work has done. We also owe most sincere thanks to the generous donors of the wool and to others who have sent money and articles for this cause.

Letters from Abroad.

From Mrs. Florence Suckling letter. I take the following extracts:

May 25.

"I am sending you a list of what I have sent from your cases to Lady Abinger and to the Waltham Abbey Red Cross Hospital. The people asked for these things so I think they are well placed. I also send Mrs. Heathcote's letter. That will clear up everything except the scarves and mitts which I have put away in camphor until cold weather. Mrs. Heathcote's letter shows how useful the sweaters and the vests are for sitting out in the garden, and the games are a diversion. The men's nerves are so shattered by their experiences, and many nerve cases are sent to kind Mrs. Heathcote for the quiet of her

forest home. So you see your gifts go direct to the men who need them. Corporal W. Foster of the 12th Lanesis Regiment, who was at the front since Sept. 1914 came home after a serious operation in France when the field hospital was shelled. (Miss Fisher) sent a letter of thanks which I enclose, also a letter from Mrs. Heathcote, Beechwood House, Bartley, Southampton, to whom I promised some of the things.—Sincerely, F. Suckling."

Extract from Corporal Foster's letter: "I am writing to thank you on behalf of Miss Fisher and myself for the beautiful parcel of things you sent to the hospital. Miss Fisher and the Quarter Master were delighted with them and say they will be most useful. . . . I am yours ever gratefully. Wm. Foster."

Extract from Mrs. Heathcote's letter: "I have eight men coming tomorrow and 26 more on Friday, all nerve cases, so I must remain at home and watch them at first. In another week I hope to escape for an hour or two and will drive over for tea and fetch my parcel if you really mean to be good enough to give me one. I would like a few more socks and sleeveless jackets, 6 of each if it is not too greedy, or even 8. Thanking you so much, most sincerely yours—L. H."

In a letter received June 23 and dated May 24 from Leonard Hawksley, Rome, Italy, he says:

"Thank you very much for your kind letter of April 17 which has reached me today enclosing a check for \$75, which I understand is for our Society's general fund as our income has fallen off so greatly. This year it has, so far, been about one-quarter of what it was during the corresponding period of 1914. I thank you for sending me the addresses of the contributors. You do not tell me how much each one contributed. I should be glad to know this so as to put their names down in the list of contributors and also in order to acknowledge their kind donations in letters to each of them.

"One case of woolen garments arrived in Rome a fortnight ago from the American Clearing House in Paris but I was away at the time and have only just heard of it (this is probably the case sent from the A. R. L. April 13—A. H. S.),

The customs officials tell us that there will be about \$12.00 duty to pay on them but that the British Red Cross and the American Clearing House in Rome can get them duty free. I hear that the American Clearing House in Rome is overwhelmed with woolen garments for which there is no urgent need and all the officers and soldiers that I know at the front are abundantly provided with everything they can want. The garments sent to the Italian soldiers are being distributed largely among workmen in the ammunition factories hundreds of miles from the zone of war. But Lord Monson, who is at the head of the British Red Cross in Italy, can make good use of any garments which he takes with him to the front and distributes personally among the men who are really in need of them. I am therefore asking him to get your case from the customs and dispose of them as he thinks best. . . . I have never had any news of the first case of woolen goods you sent me. I presume that it was lost on one of the many steamers which have been sunk by submarines in the Mediterranean.

"Mrs. Suckling had just received from you a case of horse bandages through the American Clearing House at Southampton when I called on her. She decided to give me the case just as it was, as I was having some cases of goods sent to me from London by rail. I can make good use of these bandages when they arrive in Italy but I fear this will not be for another three or four months. The case is insured against war risks. Bandages are running short and will be very much needed.

"The Italian Minister of War resigned in the middle of March and he told me nothing could be settled about the Red Star work and Lord Astor's hospital by his successor before May.

"Again thanking you for your great kindness in collecting money for us.—Sincerely yours, Leonard Hawksley."

I have given so much space to this letter because many of our League members and friends helped fill both cases referred to, the woolen articles, and the bandages for wounded horses, also a few members contributed to send the \$75.00 which Mr. Hawksley has just received. Believing that among the readers of

this magazine there are a number who know Mr. Hawksley by reputation and others who have met him in Italy and admired his devoted and courageous work in Naples and Rome, I am sure it will interest such readers to hear that in his recent visit to London which he was obliged to take on account of his health, Mr. Hawksley married Miss May Lister, who is a great worker for the animals, and the heroine of an anecdote which has been printed and widely circulated in England concerning the way in which she saved a frog from torture by a crowd of roughs. We send our congratulations and wish them every blessing. It is good to know that Mr. Hawksley has a sympathetic co-worker in the great work he has to do.

Horses in War.

In our preparations for war with Mexico it is found there is a great lack of horses.

When the war in Europe broke out in August, 1914, there were in the United States approximately 28,000,000 horses and mules. Of this vast number, which exceeds that of any other country in the world, not excepting Russia, one in every thirty-seven has been sold for export to the Entente Allies, not including Russia.

Estimates based on the official summary of foreign commerce show that, in round numbers, 600,000 horses and 150,000 mules have been purchased here by agents of France, England and their Allies since the buying began. The total to date is probably a little more than three-quarters of a million head, counting those now awaiting shipment. The latest government figures show that exports are at the rate of more than 30,000 a month, which would bring the total up to 1,000,000 soon after the end of the year.

Horsemen estimate that the farmers from whom most of the horses and mules are purchased in the first instance have received something like \$150 each for the animals, on an average, or a total of \$112,500,000 for 750,000 head. Landed on the other side of the Atlantic the cost to the Allies must have been more than double this sum, or close to a quarter of a billion dollars. The average cost on this side, according to the government figures, is about \$205 for mules and \$203 for horses.—New York Herald.

BUNGALOW NOTES



We have received a gift of a very beautiful statue in white marble called The Begging Dog, from the estate of Miss Annie Elder. This statue has been set up on a stone pedestal, constructed by Mr. Thomas Gleghorn, who built the much-admired Overlook, in the Pine Ridge Cemetery, and has a marble tablet on which are inscribed the words: "To the Many Dogs that have given their lives in the service of mankind."

Few people ever think how great are the numbers of these faithful animals that have died in war; died in the laboratory; died in the ice fields and on the streets of cities where they are used as beasts of burden,—giving their lives to help mankind without any reward, or word of praise.

PINE RIDGE, June 10.—Since last Sunday we have not had one pleasant day and this, the last day of the week, seems a little worse, if anything, than the preceding days. We have had to keep up the winter heating, even to the addition morning and evening of a cheerful fire in the fireplace. The only gleam of comfort I find is that the rain is good for a maple tree, a laburnum, and a few shrubs we ventured to transplant last week with faint hope of making them live.

My garden is always an experiment and a problem. I can never seem to get settled on any scheme of kind and color which will embrace

the rockeries and the long beds, but with a few exceptions, I try every year something new. The exceptions are that I keep up a background on the rockery just outside my bedroom windows of salvia which looks well against the cedar trees, and certain favorites which always do well,—lemon verbenas, heliotropes and rose geraniums.

I always find some places for sweet alyssum, I have it as a border this year, and I am trying a bed of mixed verbenas in a spot where I never had them before. I got two dozen plants of the dear little old-fashioned Johnnie-jump-ups, or ladies delights, of which I had an abundance in my old home, but they do not appear to like the place, or the soil, where I have put them. They are modest little things, asking only a chance to spread themselves in some half-cultivated, little corner, and given this, they grow and blossom all summer long. I fancy the trouble is that I have given them too good soil and too sunny a location and after this rain is over I am going to transplant them if they do not do better.

A book on gardening recommended highly the English daisy for rockeries, so I bought several baskets of them and put them on the rockeries between the rocks. I am hoping for good results. Our poppies are doing splendidly. The roses need a thorough spraying as some wretched insect has got them. My lilies, which were planted last summer, the regal, the madonna, and the yellow lilies, are all looking very promising, and the yellow lilies are beginning to blossom. The delphinium, or larkspur of which latter I have light and dark blue, the phlox and the iris, also the honeysuckles we set out for a rock cover, are making wonderful growth, but the most beautiful show now is a bed of purple and of pure white columbines. By and by I expect a fine show of portulaca and of Sweet Williams.

Women who do not love gardening lose one of the greatest pleasures in life. I do not entirely agree with Robert Louis Stevenson—"to travel hopefully is better than to arrive," yet I do think the experimenting with new plants, or old plants in new places, the planning of the garden, the anticipation, often gives as sincere pleasure as the garden fulfilled. Someone to talk over the garden with, and a good working gardener to do the hard work is desirable, but to give up the

planning even to an expert, and have nothing to do with your garden but look at the results—just as you might admire any one's garden—would not satisfy me.

Mistakes I make in my gardening, and always shall, but the pleasure remains, and I "travel hopefully." Last year I had too rich soil for the nasturtiums and the large rockery was covered with immense leaves but few blossoms. This year I am planting that same rockery to sedums, English daisies, sweet alyssum, coliseum or Kenilworth ivy, Alpine harebells, rock pinks, and it is beginning to look very delightful.

I wonder if Mr. and Mrs. Bluebird feel any more anxious about their babies than I do, if so, I pity them. I have put a small table at the window where I can keep an eye on their house while I write, for they have reached a very critical stage. I have seen three little heads repeatedly looking out their window or door for the last two or three days watching for papa or mama to come with rations. Papa comes about three times to mama's once. Whether mama goes longer distances for the food and is more particular what she gets than papa I do not know, but being at home this rainy weather I have kept a close and anxious watch on my little neighbors and it has been the same every day; mama is sometimes gone fifteen minutes, perhaps more, while papa comes and goes pretty frequently but does not seem to bring back quite so much in his bill as the mother bird who came back a short time ago, her bill actually bristling with something, I could not tell what, as I have only a pair of not very powerful opera glasses to help out my eyes and her motions were quick.

I have noticed something else that I wished I could see more clearly. For at least a week the mother, and sometimes, but not as often, the father, in coming out of the house brings out something white and flies away with it—which looks like pieces of eggshell. I did not realize before that bluebirds clean house so carefully every day.

I just looked up and saw papa arrive with a long worm which he put on the platform before the door and picked in pieces while the little ones inside kept up such a clamoring that they made noise enough for six little birds.

Later.—I have had two frights. First, a gray squirrel appeared in the grass plot back of the bungalow. He sat up and seemed to be listening, then he ran to the post the bird house is on and began to run up it to the house. I opened my window and shouted at him, also called "Mary, Mary—the squirrel is after the bluebirds!" Mary flew out the back door in the rain and Mr. Squirrel ran off toward the barn. What would have happened if I had not been watching? The hole is too small, I think, for even the squirrel's head, but if a little one should fall out would he harm it? I know the squirrels get eggs from nests but I am not sure that they get the little birds. It is the crows and the bluejays I am most afraid of.

My second fright was when one of the smartest, most enterprising little birds thought he would get out the opening that he saw his papa and mama entering and leaving, and meet them outside as he would then get a first chance at the food they bring; so he managed to get his head out, and then part of his body—I was surprised to see how large he was—and I expected every moment he would get all the way out and fall down in the wet grass. While he was in this precarious position, just on the edge, as it were, of a precipice, his father arrived with a worm. Of course, the adventurous little bird filled the whole opening and got it all while his little brothers or sisters were crying behind him,—"I want some, too!"

I felt very much troubled when papa flew away leaving the adventurer hanging half way out the opening, but just as I was meditating going out and frightening him back along came mama who promptly thrust him back where he belonged and flew inside the house. She was inside so long that Mary suggested she was punishing the bold and greedy infant. The fact that since that time, now several hours ago, the bold one has not even put his head out would make it seem possible that at least the mother gave advice and warning to all the little ones not to be too anxious to quit their safe and snug shelter for the wet, cold and dangerous outside world.

8 p. m. I was watching the birds so anxiously that I hardly stopped for dinner and at seven I was back at my post. The darkness came early,

the clouds being so heavy. At five minutes past seven Mr. Bluebird came to the house, looked in a moment and went away. I kept my post and watched, straining my eyes until the very outlines of the little house were swallowed up in night then I went in the living-room and sat by the blazing logs and said to the Man-of-the-bungalow, "Birds begin their work at four in the morning and do not end it until seven at night. They do not demand an eight-hour day, but if a man had to spend as much time as that working to put food in his children's mouths what an outcry he would make!"

Sunday, June 11, 8 p. m. It is all over. The little bird house stands empty and I think I never want bluebirds to raise a family so near me again. I got up before six this morning expressly to watch the little family. Papa and mama Bluebird were both very busy getting breakfast for the little ones. They had probably been busy since four o'clock, the hour I was watching them a few days ago, and they had been constantly busy the day before until seven when I saw papa fly up to the house and thrust a worm, or something, into a gaping bill then disappear in the fast gathering darkness.

Just as we finished breakfast I saw the adventurous one put his head out and stretch his neck and tug away until he had struggled forth to liberty and was sitting on a rock under my window calling in a gentle trill for his mama. It seemed to me an age before either of the parents appeared and when mama did come she went straight to the house and gave all she had to the little ones there. She flew away and did not appear to pay the slightest heed to the lonesome baby crying outside, but in a few moments she came again and went directly to him.

Meanwhile another bold adventurer was reaching out the door, and very suddenly he got out and flew off into some bushes by the fence, and in less than ten minutes a third flew out and away in quite another direction.

"What will become of them?" I cried. "They have all three gone in different directions, and the parents will never find them. They are too little to take care of themselves, and a shower is coming, I am sure!"

"I wouldn't worry," said the Man-of-the-bungalow, "the parents will find them."

The mother came to the house. He did not seem to know it was empty for he perched a minute on the peak of the roof and I wanted to say to him—"Behold your house is left unto you desolate," but before I could say it he flew off in the direction one baby had taken and I think he called to the little one on the rock as that one flew off into the same clump of bushes and disappeared.

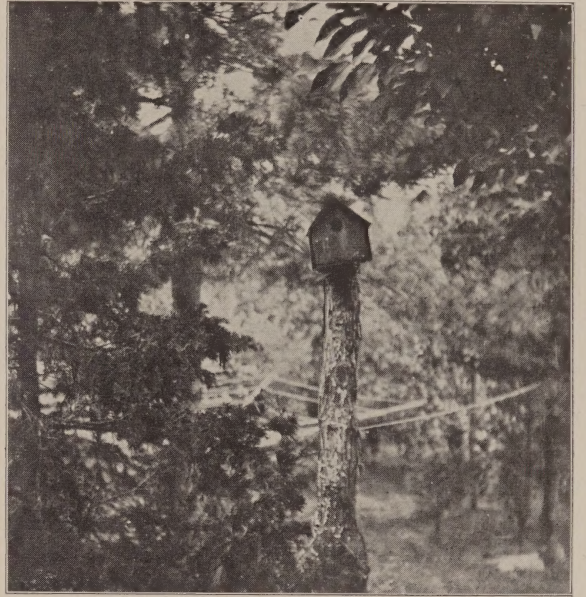
A tremendous shower came up and I was in despair. "Oh why couldn't they have stayed snug and safe in their house until the weather was better? I am sure this will kill them!" I cried.

The Man-of-the-bungalow tried to comfort me by ~~regulating that~~ he thought the parent birds would ~~find and~~ take care of the little ones. I could not feel easy in my mind and as soon as the heavy shower was over I started forth. I made a tour of the nearest field, the "donkey's grove," and the garden, looking for little dead bodies, ~~and~~ hoping to hear, at least the call of a parent bird, and only gave up my unavailing and foolish search when the Man-of-the-bungalow pursued me and brought me back. Then, to my dismay, I discovered still another little head appearing at the opening of what I thought was a deserted house. Was it another little one, or was it the ghost of one of the departed? I watched a long time and saw just once the mother bird come and look into the house and then fly away.

The little head has not appeared again; darkness once more has swallowed up the little house, and I am writing this tragedy in bird life with sorrow in my heart for the pretty little family I had hoped to see live and prosper.

June 21.—I laid down my pen eleven days ago and have just taken it up again. Tramping through ~~vine~~ grass is not exactly a safe venture for one who was already suffering with neuritis and I have paid the penalty. That Sunday walk through the wet woods and fields in pursuit of the bluebirds hurt me, and did not help them ~~to~~ write it with joy—they all lived through the pelting rains, the three I saw come out of the house and the fourth one, the ghost, that must have slipped out when I was not on the watch. A few days later, when I was lying in the hammock in the sun parlor, Edward came to the door and cried out,—"Good news! The

bluebirds are all right. They are out in the trees close by, the parents and four little ones!" And they are still on our grounds, though I cannot see them, not being allowed to walk at present, but I can rejoice and be glad that fate and the weather did not deal as hardly with my dear little neighbors as I feared.



The same day the bluebirds came out a family of little chippie sparrows ventured their first flight from the honeysuckle vine on the corner of the house where the robins had their nest last year, and they are all living and thriving, in spite of heavy rains, Pinkie the cat, that lies on the sunny bank under this vine, or the crows and jays that come every day, uninvited and unwelcome guests.

A swarm of bees visited Pine Ridge Cemetery June 21 and settled down on a cedar tree back of Polly Peabody's little grave. We telephoned around the neighborhood and found where they belonged. Late in the day and in pouring rain their owner arrived with a large bag held out in the middle by a barrel hoop. He held the bag under the big, yellow bunch hanging in a solid mass from the tree, tapped the branch of the tree a few times, brought the bag up over the swarm and into the bag they went as neatly as possible, not one flying away. As they were carried off the owner said,—"I've got a good hive all ready for them with honey in it."

STORIES FOR OLD AND YOUNG



One day there came to the Animal Rescue League, a gentleman bringing, he said, an unusual request.

"You have a grave at Pine Ridge Cemetery engaged for a dog belonging to Miss O——, have you not?"

Looking on the cemetery record in the office the name was found.

"Miss O—— has just died and left this request that the dog the grave was engaged for shall be brought to you and put to death as soon as she passed away, then his body cremated, and that she shall also be cremated at Forest Hill and her ashes, and the ashes of her dog, placed in Pine Ridge Cemetery in one common grave. Have you any objection?"

We replied that if her relatives had no objection we had none. He explained that Miss O—— was quite alone in the world and that this dog had been her only companion for years—the dog now being very old. We then told the gentleman, who, it seems, was executor of the will, that all should be done exactly as the woman had desired,—and it was.

Hearing of this episode Miss Mary Craige Yarrow, a devoted friend to all animals, and also to unhappy or suffering human beings, wrote the following poem.*

*This poem has been printed on a post card and may be obtained at 51 Carver St.

THE TWO FRIENDS.

Dedicated to Mrs. Huntington Smith.

The grinding of the wheels of life had wounded her,
And one dumb creature only, cheered her dreary lot,
Forgive her, if she clung to that which clung to her,
When others had forgot.

Her plea to share its resting-place, far from the haunts of kind
Which failed so sorely in her hour of need,
Was heard by one, who listens ever to the call of pain,
Ministering by word and deed.

Now mingling dust with dust, the two friends lie,
Sharing in death one lowly, humble grave,
Daisies and grasses weave their covering fast,
Which glistening dewdrops bathe.

And other glistening drops have fallen here,
From gentle, kindly eyes which rest no more,
The bruised and aching heart, which shelter found
Within that leafy dell.

The birds sing softly as they soar above,
All nature seems to lull them in their sleep,
No harsh sounds break up, on their peaceful rest—
So calm and deep.

Must such love die? Oh, may we hope that he,
Who joys to give His children all they crave,
Has joined these hearts so faithful each to each,
Somewhere beyond the grave?

In regions vast of wide and endless space,
Perhaps a little corner there may be,
Where love so true, though humble, finds its own again,
For all eternity.

And little graves lie hid in many hearts,
Which long unspeakably that this shall be,
The dear, dumb love so nearly perfect is—I pray that mine
Be given back to me.

—Mary Craige Yarrow.

A boy and his mother came in to the Animal Rescue League, one day and asked to see the cats. They selected a very pretty one and said they would come back later for it. They went out and were gone about three minutes when they came back and said, "We will take the cat now." The mother told me that they were going to the moving picture show, but the boy was so crazy about the cat that he gave up the moving picture show in order to go right home with it.

The demoralizing influence of some of the moving picture shows may be seen by the following incident given us by Miss Margaret Starbuck. "As I was coming out of the moving picture show the other night at 10.30 a little boy between six and seven, no older, piped up and was heard above every one else saying, 'I liked the stabbing the best.' "



A Canine Hero in the Trenches.

When Mrs. F. H. Doeden of Cambridge, Mass., read in the news despatches the announcement of the saving of the life of a French officer in the trenches by his faithful dog, she wrote to the officer in question, Sergeant Jacquemin of the First Zouaves, for further particulars, and received from him an interesting letter, translation of which follows:

PARIS, January 25, 1916.

MADemoisELLE:

The hospital has forwarded your letter to me. I am very glad indeed to give you the information that you wish for.

On December 12, 1914, I was stationed with eight of my men at an advance post in front of our line of trenches and three metres from the enemy's trenches when a bomb fell, cutting off my right leg and wounding me badly in six other

places. At the same moment a mine that the enemy had laid under us exploded and buried us all.

I should have been suffocated with my comrades if my dog Fend-l'Air, who was at this moment in the field kitchen, had not run to my assistance. With his nose and paws he soon had me wholly uncovered. Succeeding in getting into an upright position, I looked for a refuge, while waiting for assistance, and as no one came, I sent Fend-l'Air, who was licking my wounds, to find aid. A few moments later he came back with men who carried me to the field hospital, and I then went on to Paris, a journey taking ten days, during which time my faithful Fend-l'Air followed me to the American hospital when we both received the best of care.

Excuse my writing, for I am wounded in my right hand. Having left the American hospital, I am writing you in French, as there is no one here who can write for me in English.

Here are other particulars. My dog is called Fend-l'Air (dart) because he runs so fast. He is of spaniel breed and of much valor. His father and mother both were spaniels. He is very intelligent, of medium size, white, with tan markings. He was given to me as a present. He has been honored by the Paris Society for the Protection of Animals, which has given him a collar of honor, and the S. P. A. of Geneva has decorated him with the grand silver medal. I shall be glad to receive copies of your book, wishing to send one to my family. This is my address:

ÉTIENNE JACQUEMIN, Sergeant 1^{er} Zouaves,
4 Boulevard Laperrière,
Alger, Algerie.

I have been given the Médaille Militaire and the Croix de Guerre.

Dog Collars.

The incrustated skeleton of a dog of Pompeii wears a collar bearing a legend that shows he saved the life of his young master several times—from pirates, from thieves, from drowning. When discovered the body of the dog was outstretched upon that of the lad, to show that he was trying to save him from the suffocating shower of lapilli and the flow of lava. The dogs

of St. Bernard would have recognized in him a colleague after their own heart.

But there are three famous war dogs that live to wag the tail and have just received high honors at the hands of the French government. At a public meeting, with an official of the Ministry of Agriculture presiding, gold collars have been clasped round the necks of Fend-l'Air and Loustic. Fend l'Air-helped his master to free himself when a trench caved in. Loustic was a useful spy, but the poor beast could not hear the kind things said to him, for the noise of the artillery fire has made him deaf. The third dog, Pyrame, was too busy at the front to be present. He saved a battalion by barking when the Germans came, and then carrying a message that brought relief. The finale of the ceremony was a processional across the platform of fifteen war dogs, with the soldiers that trained them.

A book might easily be written—let us hope it will be written—on the part that animals have played in the war. It will be a story of heroic fidelity and of suffering that must tend to make us more thoughtful of creatures that sometimes acquit themselves more nobly than we who insist that they have no souls.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

CARE OF OUR USEFUL FRIENDS

Care of Dogs in Summer.

During the hot mid-summer weather, the dog should be given as much care as is given him when he is of use to us afield. No, we may go further than that, and say he should be given more care, for there is no time so trying on the canine as the months of June, July and August.

In the first place, one should always keep in mind that the dog requires an abundance of fresh water. If a pool can be provided for him to swim in, all the better, but in any event, his drinking pail should be replenished frequently and he should be taken to the river or creek for a daily swim, especially if your dog happens to be one of the breeds which enjoys the water, and among these are Airedales, Irish Water Spaniels, Cockers, Chesapeakes, and all retrievers, also generally, most setters. The dog's diet in sum-

mer may naturally be lighter; less meat, no corn or oat meal and two feeds a day are the greatest sufficiency. Many prefer to feed only once, but it seems more humanitarian to give them a light feed in the morning and a full meal in the evening.

The kennel should be situated in a shady spot and it must be kept free from vermin. This is a difficult thing to do in summer, but daily vigilance will accomplish much. The fences should be whitewashed; lime should be freely strewn about and the sleeping quarters should be disinfected at least twice a week with one of the many coal tar preparations.

Even these precautions will not prevent fleas from accumulating on the dog, and to free him from these it is advisable to prepare a dip in which he should be bathed once each week. One of the best methods to follow in making this dip is to procure a barrel large enough for the purpose. Then take three pounds of flowers of sulphur, two cans of Lewis' lye, and mix these in two gallons of rain water. Put this mixture into the barrel and add enough rain water to make sixteen gallons. This mixture will keep indefinitely, but it is well to renew every three or four weeks. Dip the dog into this weekly, and there will be no fleas; the dog's coat will become smooth and glossy, and there will be absolutely no chance for mange or eczema. Your dog will feel better and so will you in knowing that he is being kept as he should be.—Outer's Book.

Have Patience with the Pup.

Airedale pups at eight months old are very stubborn, wilful, do not mind and are continually running away. Keep a close watch on him; yard him up a good deal and have patience. There's no use beating him; he won't stand for it. He will "find himself" at about thirteen months' age.—Field and Stream.

Care of Cats.

Of course cats should be fed twice a day, winter or summer, giving them such vegetables as they will eat, also meat or fish, and milk, but water must not be forgotten. We know how much we suffer with thirst in summer. Let us not forget that our fourfooted friends suffer just as much as we do only they cannot tell what they are crying for. Dogs and cats sometimes

have to go all around a neighborhood on other people's premises searching for water because this simple necessity is neglected in their own home. Keep the water dish always filled—don't forget it. I have heard of a canary bird that was found dead in its cage with the water dish quite dry showing that it died of thirst.

Do not be selfish, but put out a dish of water where the lost, homeless, neglected dogs and cats can get a drink when the poor creatures are nearly dying of thirst. By doing this you will very likely save some dog from having a fit and so prevent the cruel, wicked cry, raised by ignorant, thoughtless men or boys, of "mad dog."

If you see a dog in a fit don't be alarmed. Children often have fits. Put cool water on the dog's head and get him in a quiet, dark place and he will soon come out of the fit. Above all things do not raise the panic-cry of "mad dog." Don't alarm the dog by chasing him or violently dousing a pail of cold water over him. Deal as gently with him as you would with a helpless little child in a fit.

Dogs for the South Pole.

In his recent lecture in Exeter on Captain Scott's expedition Mr. C. H. Meares mentioned that in his forthcoming expedition Sir Ernest Shackleton would take a number of dogs which had been used for hauling in Canada. The animals, numbering 99, arrived in London on Tuesday week and will leave again on the *Endurance* next Wednesday. They are all half-breeds, their ancestry being represented by wolves, and have been used for sleighing and hauling fish. Fish has been their chief food, but in view of the special work for which they are destined they have been trained to feed on biscuits—quite a new form of sustenance to them until they left Montreal for London, but so acceptable that they consumed 18 cwt. of Spratt's Meat Filling Dog Cakes by the time they arrived and are now confirmed biscuit eaters. That they should have taken so readily to their new food is fortunate for more depends on this than may be imagined. Captain Scott admitted that his failure to reach the Pole on his 1901 expedition was due to the fact that he substituted stockfish for biscuit as food for the dogs which accompanied him on his final dash.

Sir Ernest Shackleton will rely on Spratt's Dog Cakes for his teams' food, and a sufficient supply is being taken on board the *Endurance* to last throughout the expedition. The dogs—who are now at Spratt's quarantine kennels at Beddington—answer promptly to their names—Blackey, Collar, Noble, Nero, Captain, Colonel, Chimo, etc. The ages range from one to six years; 80 of them are unusually large, the remainder being younger and somewhat smaller. In many of them the features of the St. Bernard, Newfoundland and German Wolfhound are very pronounced. "Fox" is perhaps the prettiest of the pack and remarkably clever and well trained, and one of the team-leaders, although but a year old. "Light" an all-gray dog of the prairie wolf type is another of the team-leaders, being the champion of them all, the best worker and the fiercest fighter.

A teamster stopped at the door of the Lynn branch of the Aimal Rescue League one day. "Will you let me have a pail of water for my horse," he asked. "I have been refused at a number of houses but I saw your sign and so thought I wouldn't be refused a drink of water for my horse here."

What sort of people could they have been who refused a thirsty, tired horse a drink of water?

There is now a sign put up at this branch of our work asking all who pass by with horses to stop and water their horses at this station and many teamsters avail themselves of the offer.

There are a few private residences where basins are put out for dogs and cats and birds and invitations to water horses are made public. We wish there were many more of them.

"Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you he shall in no wise lose his reward."

"One of these little ones." Why should that not apply to our fourfooted companions and helpers, or to the birds that gladden our lives with their songs? We may not all be able to do great or heroic deeds. We may be poor in money, in strength, but the little words, the trifling acts of kindness, count for much more than we realize.

LEAGUE NEWS AND NOTES

During the month of June the League received 4,586 cats, 392 dogs, 51 horses, 39 birds, 2 squirrels, 3 rabbits, 1 hen, 1 pigeon, 1 monkey. Seventy-seven dogs were placed in homes, and 24 restored to owners; 35 cats were placed in homes, and 2 restored to owners. Twenty-two horses were cared for at Pine Ridge.

Our branch work was very satisfactory, 679 dogs and cats, 7 birds, 4 pigeons, and 2 doves being taken from the five different branches in Boston and vicinity.

The Neighborhood Playroom was opened June 26 with an attendance of twenty-seven children. A number of subscriptions have been received for this work and we shall welcome others.

League's Work for Horses.

Horses used in the furniture moving and express business, particularly suburban expresses, are horses that are often very much abused. A large percentage of horses used for the above purpose are in wretched condition year in and year out. Autos help a great deal by doing the long trips, but a great many companies do not own autos but keep on using horses which are in an emaciated, wornout condition barely within the law to use, working long days and driven by young boys in a good many instances who keep jerking on the horses' mouths all the time besides constantly urging the horse with the whip.

In many instances these horses drop on the street from exhaustion and sometimes die; others are killed from injuries they receive in falling which they would not have done if they had not been overworked and underfed. It is an actual fact that during the four days of the Brockton Fair each year a number of horses die on the homeward way to Boston, overdriven by pedlers and joyriders.

Mrs. Bates, one of the agents who goes out from Carver Street, has been making special efforts to lessen humanely the number of cats in

East Boston and Chelsea. In 1915 she brought in 1,600 animals from these two districts, most of them being cats. In all such districts there should be Receiving Stations to which residents could carry cats and litters of kittens, or dogs and puppies, knowing that they will be humanely cared for. We cannot support a Receiving Station or Branch with less than \$10.

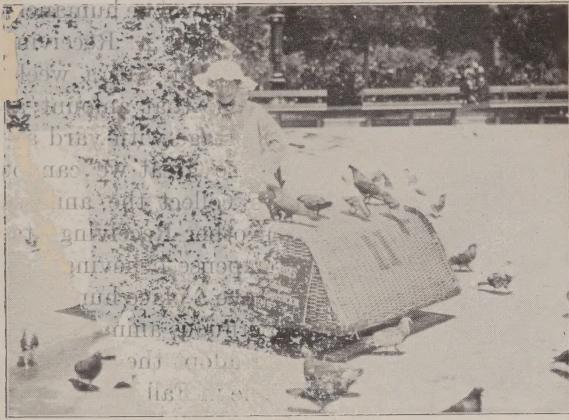
Our Lynn branch costs double that amount, as we were obliged to hire a cottage with year attached, the distance being so great we cannot send our car every day to collect the animals received as we do in all our other Receiving Stations. We assumed this expense believing that Lynn would be so glad to have a place humanely conducted to which all superfluous animals could be carried that they would adopt the work and carry it on as they have done in Fall River, New Bedford, Worcester, Salem, Dalton, Stoneham and Concord Junction, which places are now independent Animal Rescue Leagues, incorporated, and doing excellent work. Lynn is our first failure and we shall probably feel obliged to abandon the attempt to create a society there in the fall, when our lease of the cottage expires, believing we can rescue as many animals at much less expense in districts nearer home.

The Lynn branch of the League's work is doing a large work but so far, though nearly nine months since it was begun, the Lynn residents, with but few exceptions, do nothing toward its support. During the last six weeks this branch has cared for 554 cats, 22 dogs, 2 pigeons, and 5 sparrows. The agents have made 311 calls. Five dogs have been placed in homes found at our Carver Street headquarters. At the present time they are getting possession of about 100 cats weekly.

The night operator in a city office on answering a signal at 4.30 a. m. received no reply but heard what seemed a moaning sound over the phone. She looked up the number and found it to be a public stable.

She notified the police station and the owner of the stable, where they found a horse had broken loose and in tearing around the stable had knocked the receiver off the hook and was snorting into the telephone.—A. L. PEIRCE.

LETTERS



SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,
May 13, 1916.

MY DEAR MRS. SMITH: I am sending a picture which my cousin Miss Clement took of me a short time ago, feeding the seagulls that used to come every day to the Park in front of our house to be fed. During the Exposition they were constantly to be seen on the grassy spots there where people ate lunch and fed them. They grew as tame as the pigeons. After the Exposition closed, the birds at once settled in the various parks all over the city, and came each day (where they stayed at night we did not know) for food. I have never seen birds more tame.

Suddenly when spring came they all disappeared. Probably they went to the Farallones Islands to breed. We miss them very much. These in the picture are only a small number of our usual guests.

I have just returned from a delightful three weeks' visit in the South, going to Riverside for the Easter sunrise service on Mt. Roubidoux, then to Redlands, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara and San Diego. At the latter place the Exposition authorities named a "day" for me (for the second time) and I gave two musical programs of my own compositions with several singers, a good violinist and the organist there. The audiences were both large and very enthusiastic.

The whole day was really beautiful on account of the spontaneity of each exercise.

I am at work here again and expect to remain all summer. With kindest regards and every good wish, believe me always, Sincerely yours,
AMY M. BEACH.

ROXBURY, MASS.

DEAR MRS. SMITH: I want to thank you so much for your beautiful letter of sympathy for my little dog. I have been very ill or I would have written before, in fact I was so ill when "Glory" was taken away that I only dimly sensed her going, then your letter came and was put under my pillow until I could realize what it was.

I miss my little dog, but I fully realize how feeble she had grown, and I think when she used to come and rest her head on my lap she was trying to tell me. I believe as you do that dogs have souls. Else why are they given reasoning powers. I have seen a dog racing up the street as if his life depended on it, stop suddenly, think a moment, change his mind—go back—that isn't what I call instinct, but pure reasoning, and I know my little dog often reasoned things out for herself. It is a great comfort to me to think we have her little body just where we know all about it, and if my life is spared I hope sometime to go up there and put up a little stone over her.

I never realized the beauty or the magnitude of the work you are doing until I saw that place last summer. You should be proud and happy. I thank you over and over for your kindness and your sympathy, and I want to say God bless and prosper you. Most gratefully yours, IDA A. HASKELL.

Verily there are rewards for our doing good to dumb animals and giving them water to drink. A wretched woman was forgiven who, seeing a dog at a well holding out his tongue from thirst, which was near killing him, took off her boot and tied it to the end of her garment and drew water in it for the dog and gave him to drink; and she was forgiven her sin for that act.—Table Talk of Mohammed.

Outdoors

Let the children play outdoors all day long; let them learn to love the sunshine, the water, every beast and plant; but when they come home, tired, or when the rain keeps them indoors, give them a book that will answer their questions, stir their imaginations, lay bare to them wonder upon wonder.

Jane Andrews: The Stories Mother Nature told her Children	\$.50
Jane Andrews: Stories of my Four Friends	.50
Fanny D. Bergen: Glimpses at the Plant World. . . .	.40
Anna B. Comstock: Ways of the Six-Footed.	.40
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A. W. Gould: Mother Nature's Children.	.60
G. E. Hale: Little Flower-People.	.40
Mrs. A. S. Hardy: Sea Stories for Wonder Eyes. . .	.40
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Margaret W. Morley: Nature Study Series	
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Cremation

The League now has a crematory where small animals can be cremated. The ashes are delivered to owners or buried at Pine Ridge. The charge for each cremation is \$5.

Arrangements for burials or cremations must be made at the headquarters of the Animal Rescue League, 51 Carver St., Boston. Tel. Oxford 244.

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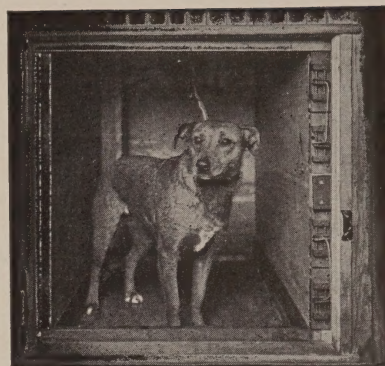
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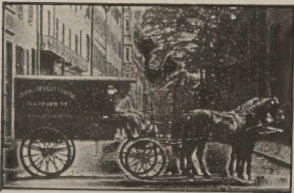
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Population of cities and towns served	1,750,000
Animals received in 1915	38,509
Animals brought in by visitors	10,164
Copies of humane literature distributed	85,000
Visitors received	25,000



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TWELVE AGENTS } are at work every week day collecting animals.

Number of calls made in 1915	18,849
Number of animals collected	28,345

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DR. FRANK J. SULLIVAN.

Number of animals treated	75,000
Number of cases of small animals treated in 1915	6,500
Number of pedlers' and cabmen's horses treated, 1915	350
Number of horses humanely killed, 1915	531
Number of horses given vacations	45



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For maintaining all this work, which is constantly increasing, the Animal Rescue League depends wholly on
membership fees, gifts, and bequests; and because of the constantly increasing public demands, has never been
able to start an endowment fund. Any sum, large or small, will be gratefully received, and may be sent to

Mrs. Huntington Smith, President, or Livingston Cushing, Treasurer, 51 Carver Street, Boston.